

K. TOTNES ADDRESS. 3

THE
TOTNES
ADDRESS,

VERSIFIED.

by the E. of Chesterfield
To which is Annex'd,

The Original ADDRESS, as presented to
His MAJESTY.

*" Look not askew at what it saith ;
" There's no Petition in it --- Faith !*

PRIOR.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



LONDON:

Printed for H. WHITRIDGE, at the Royal-
Exchange. M.DCC.XXVII.

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“Look not askance at what is said
“There is no Fault in it—Faith!”
P. R. TOR.

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T H E
T O T N E S S
A D D R E S S,
V E R S I F I E D.



MONG the many warm *Addresses*
 Of *Mayors, Aldermen, Burgessees,*
 And other People, truly Loyal,
 (Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
 To shew Your *Majesty*, that They
 Resolve to *Do*, as well as *Say*.)
 We, Men of T O T N E S S, D E V O N, beg
 Our *Liege*, to let us make a *Leg*,
 And eke a Speech to daunt our Foes,
 Where-e'er the L O N D O N - G A Z E T T E goes.

Imprimis, Sir, in Strain most humble,
 We'd have you know how much we grumble,

At GERMANY and SPAIN, who durst
Unite — before they warn'd us first!
 And might have (had we not found out
 Their *Machinations*) brought about
 A World of Woe to *You* and *Your Hope*,
 To TOTNESS, BRITAIN, and to EUROPE.

Their Schemes, too black to be reveal'd,
 And yet too true to be conceal'd,
 Must strike, with terrible Surprise,
 All People, who have Ears and Eyes;
 When 'tis but known they were intended
 By *Princes*, we, so late, defended!
Princes, in whose *divided* Cause,
 All *Christendom* a Deluge was!
 But, now *colleagu'd*, wou'd Matters jumble,
 And Treaties topsy-turvy tumble!
 Anticipate the Conflagration,
 By setting Fire to every Nation!
 Tho' we (*who made 'em*) go to Ruin —
 Did ever Mortals see such Doing?

But vain are Menaces and Threats —
 Forsooth, we know their former Feats;

And

And value, like so many Posts,
Spanish ARMADA's, German HOSTS!
 Such scare-crow *Potentates* may vaunt,
 But not your valiant *Britons* daunt.
 Alas! their whimsical *Chimeras*
 Can ne'er affright a *Land of Heroes!*
 Especially, since *You*, no doubt,
 Have been at Pains to look sharp out;
 And, timely, taken such wise Measures,
 As will *ensure* our Lives and Treasures.
 Then, there's your *Parliament*, so able!
 And *Ministry*, incomparable,
 With Spirits, indefatigable!

But, most of all — now Blood is up — behold
 Your Men of DEVON, ever brave and bold!
 Bless us! what *Heroes* has our *County* bred?
 And how your *Royal Ancestors* have sped,
 In like Conjunctions, by their gallant Aid?
 We furnish'd DRAKE, a Man of mighty Fame!
 The Sons of SPAIN still tremble at his Name!
 A RALEIGH, too, from *Devonshire* proceeded —
 But him we claim not — for he was *beheaded!*
 And, tho' the *Dorset* Gentry make a *Fuss*,
 CHURCHILL first breath'd the vital Air with *Us* —

We mean great MARLBOROUGH, of immortal Story,
 (HOCHSTEDT'S a Witness of this HERO'S Glory)
 To whose sole Arm the *Empire* Safety owes,
 And its great *Head* his Victory o'er his Foes!
 True; These are *Dust*—— But some remain alive,
 Who to the *Devil* Your Enemies will drive.
 WAGER and HOSIER! There's a *Brace of Tars*!
 Each more than NEPTUNE, and at least a MARS!
 We warrant it, they'll make the *Spaniards* mind 'em,
 And leave to Fishes many Feasts behind 'em!
 Besides, our *Borough* to your *Senate* sends,
 A WILLS, among the bravest of Your Friends!
 He, Sir, ev'n He, who now *Presents our Speech*,
 Your Foreign Foes Fidelity will teach.

Lord, how he scourg'd rebellious Rogues, at PRESTON!
 Ay, that's a Proof he's one, whom you may rest on!
 Take but our *Words*, and give him *Chief Command*,
 OSTEND shall sink, and GIBRALTAR shall stand.

But, lest you think, Sir, this is *Rant*,
 Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
 We, honest, hearty Cocks are willing,
Per Pound Land Tax to pay FOUR SHILLING;
 Nay, with such Cheerfulness allow it,
 We'll toll the other SIXTEEN to it;

Tho'

Tho' we should mortgage Lands and Houses,
 And eke our Children and our Spouſes,
 Moreover, we'll moſt frankly part
 With all we have, with all our Heart,
 Rather than let our *Faith's Defender*
 Be bullied, by a baſe *Pretender* —
 A ſpurious, *Popiſh* Brat, abjur'd
 By all of Loyalty affur'd !
 If This we did in ſober Sadneſs,
 What mayn't we do, when rouz'd to Madneſs?
 We vow and ſwear, by Life's great Giver,
 To fight him to our *longeſt Liver* ;
 And, when our *longeſt Liver's* dead,
 Our *Ghoſts* ſhall haunt Him, in our ſtead,
 And fill his Coward-Soul with Dread !

This Reſolution we have taken,
 That, warn'd, He may preſerve his Bacon ;
 Or ſhou'd he ever chance to win
 A bloody Battle, and come in ;
 (Which Heav'n forbid ſhou'd ever be !)
 Know, by theſe preſent Lines, that we
 Affure him, he'll be *fairly bit*,
 And, on your Throne, unkingly ſit ;

When

When none is left for such a TARTAR
To head, and hang, and draw, and quarter!

And now, Sir, to conclude our *Speech*,
And shew we *pray*, as well as *preach*,
We've clubb'd an *Hymn*, and cordial given
Our Cares, in humble *Staves*, to HEAVEN.

I.

" GOD prosper well our noble *King*,
" Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* all!
" May Peace, and Truth, and Wit, and Wealth,
" The BRITONS brave befall!

II.

" Late, very late, may our good *Liege*
" A *Heavenly Crown* obtain!
" And eke his Royal House ne'er want
" A *Prince*, so fit to reign!

III.

" O may our *Happiness*, so rare,
" To future Times go down!
" Let all the People say, *Amen*!
" *Amen*, says TOTNESS Town!



The Humble *ADDRESS* of the *Mayor*,
Aldermen, Burgesses, &c. of the Town and
 Borough of *TOTNESS*, in the County of
Devon.

To the KING's Most Excellent *MAJESTY*.

Most *GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN*,



E, Your Majesty's most Dutiful and Loyal Sub-
 jects, the Mayor, Aldermen, Burgesses, and
 Principal Inhabitants of the Town and Borough
 of *TOTNESS*, in the County of Devon, humbly
 beg Leave to approach Your Royal Presence, to testify,
 on the present Juncture of Affairs, our utmost De-
 testation and Abhorrence of the clandestine Machina-
 tions and Confederacies, form'd by the Emperor of Ger-
 many and King of Spain, against Your Majesty's Royal
 Person and Government, the Trade and Privileges of
 these Kingdoms, and the general Peace and Tranquil-
 lity of all Europe.

Such destructive Schemes, too black to be publickly
 own'd, and yet too true to be absolutely deny'd, can-
 not but be Matter of the greatest Surprise and Asto-
 nishment to the present, and all future Ages, that shall
 see or hear of them, and know, that the same were
 contriv'd by two Princes, in whose Quarrel all Christen-

dom hath already been Deluged in Blood, and Exhausted of Immense Treasures; and who, in Return, are now setting the World in fresh Flames, by an Unnatural joining of Hands, to raise an Exorbitant and Formidable Power in themselves, with Views to Oppress and Injure their quondam Allies, and chief Instruments of setting them on their respective Thrones.

But, alas! their vain, vaunting Menaces, and Threats of Spanish Armadoes, and German Hosts, are too Chimerical to Affrighten and Terrify your Ever-Valiant Britons: Especially when we consider the consummate Wisdom of Your MAJESTY, in contracting such powerful Alliances, and taking such early Precautions, for the Safety of Your People; the true British Zeal of Your Glorious PARLIAMENT, and the indefatigable Pains and Industry of Your most Incomparable MINISTRY.

Or, when we call to Remembrance, how that our single County hath heretofore, in like critical Times, furnished Your Royal Predecessors with a Renowned DRAKE, whose Name the Sons of Spain still Tremble to hear; and of later Years, with a CHURCHILL (the Immortal MARLBOROUGH,) to whom Hochstedt witnesseth, that all Germany owes its Preservation, and the Head of it, his now Imperial Greatness; which Heroes, tho' now Laid down in the Dust, Your Majesty hath still a WAGER and a HOSIER, whose gallant Actions, we promise our selves, will give the Spaniards equal Cause to remember them. And our Borough now sends to Your Senate, a WILLS; who, as he has been the Scourge of Perfidious Rebels at Home, will, we doubt not, on Occasion, with like Courage and Success, Vanquish and Confound all Your Majesty's Faith-breaking Enemies Abroad.

The

The FOUR SHILLINGS per Pound Land-Tax, set on us by Your Parliament, is so far from making us anywise Uneasy, that we shall not only pay it with the greatest Chearfulness imaginable, but also readily add the other SIXTEEN, and every thing else that is Dear and Valuable to us, as a FREEWILL-OFFERING for the Publick Service, rather than that such Provoking Indignities, and Insulting Threats, shall ever be offered to Your most Sacred Majesty, or the British Nation, on behalf of a Spurious Popish Pretender, whom, as We, and All your Loyal Subjects, have so frequently and deliberately abjured, we are resolutely determined to oppose, to the very last Breath of the longest Liver of us all, that so, if ever, which Heavens forbid! he should at last happen to succeed, there shall not then remain one Protestant Briton left for him to exercise his Tyrannical Usurpation over.

THESE, may it please Your Majesty, are our Solemn Vows, and Unalterable Resolutions; and our most earnest Prayers to the Almighty KING of Kings, are, and constantly shall be, That long, very long and prosperous, may be Your Majesty's Reign over us; and that, whenever it shall please God to take Your most Sacred Majesty from this Your Earthly Crown to a Heavenly Diadem, Your Royal House may never want a Prince, equal in Virtue, Piety, and Magnanimity, to sit on the Throne of these Realms, by whom the many Blessings and Unspeakable Happineffes we now enjoy under Your Majesty's Most Glorious and Auspicious Reign, may be perpetuated to our Children and latest Posterities.

F I N I S.

The Four Shillings per Pound Land-Tax, let on
 in by your Parliament, is so far from making us any
 wise Easier, that we shall not only pay it with the
 greatest Gratitude imaginable, but also readily add
 to it every SIX PENCE, and every thing else that is
 and is liable to us, as a FREEWILL-OFFERING for the
 Public Service, rather than that such Treachery
 might, and insulting Threats, shall ever be offered to
 your most Sacred Majesty, or the British Nation, on the
 part of a Spurious English Pretender, whom we, and
 All your loyal Subjects, have so frequently and deli-
 berately rejected, we are resolutely determined to op-
 pose, to the very last Breath of the longest Liver of
 us all, that so, if ever, which Heaven forbid! be
 should at last happen to succeed, there shall not then re-
 main one Protestant Briton left for him to exercise his
 Tyrannical Usurpation.



THESE, may it please your Majesty, are our solemn
 Vows, and Unalterable Resolutions, and our most earnest
 Prayers to the Almighty King of Kings, etc. and our
 hearty Wishes; That long, very long and prosperous
 may be your Majesty's Reign over us; and that, when
 ever it shall please God to take your most Sacred Ma-
 jesty from this your Earthly Crown to a Heavenly Dis-
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